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THE ELEVATION CHANGE

BY
M GETHMIKA DINUJA KUMARATHUNGA

THE ELEVATION CHANGE

A Formula 1 Story

M Gethmika Dinuja Kumarathunga

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Written by M Gethmika Dinuja Kumarathunga

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You are reading an **early published copy** of *The Elevation Change*.

At the time of publication, this book is **unfinished**. The manuscript is still being written, edited, expanded, and developed. Chapters, characters, dialogue, events, and other parts of the story may change substantially before the completed edition is released.

This edition is being made available to early readers so they can experience the story before it reaches its final form.

Because this is an unfinished version, spelling errors, grammatical mistakes, continuity issues, rough scenes, incomplete storylines, and other imperfections may be present.

If you have received this copy, you are officially reading *The Elevation Change* before the finish line.

Enjoy the early ride.

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14 February 2017

Milton Keynes, Great Britain

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Chapter i

I find myself in a totally aggressive mood, trying to find the contract. It's worth millions because it was handed to me by the team principal of the Mercedes AMG Formula One team. I've been living in a state of misery for the past 5 years in my life of participating in the Formula Euro championship and failing to deliver the type of performance people expected from me. And now I'm still trying to find that contract, or else I might be driving for a random backmarker who is still using Windows 95 on their computers. Damn, I forgot that today was my debut race in Formula 3 to finally show the team principal that I'm not the second coming of Nicolas Latifi.

My teammate Sebastian has already won last year's Formula 4 championship, beating out all other drivers who have had a better career than him. His father was a Formula 1 world champion in the late 80s, while I sat on my mattress trying to imagine if we could get out of poverty. But after a while I finally found that contract just to say that I'm only going to the Williams Jr program, not the Mercedes Jr program. My brother, watching everything unravel, told me, "Mate, you aint fernando alonso."I felt a sense of irritation from that, and I responded with "whatever, I ain't a guy who sleeps on the couch and plays Mario Kart on a crusty pc"; he didn't care much, mostly because he has the emotional depth of a brick wall.

Sebastian's father came in a luxury Mercedes S class maybach to pick me up,I felt like I won a race in Monaco. I got in the car and Sebastian was sitting next to me,for the whole journey he kept yapping about why Senna should have won the world championship instead of prost .I just kept bearing his annoying voice.

But when he started asking about my contract, he suddenly turned to me and asked, “So, which junior programme did you get your contract with?”

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instead of Prost. I just kept bearing his annoying voice.

But when he started asking about my contract, he suddenly turned to me and asked, "So, which junior programme did you get your contract with?"

Without even thinking, I replied, "Uh… Williams."

He went quiet for a moment.

Then, to my surprise, he burst out laughing.

"What?!" he exclaimed. "That junior programme is absolute dog feces!"

I stared at him for a second before answering, "But, uh… Nigel Mansell and Nico Rosberg were in the same junior programme. They turned out pretty damn well. So, what junior programme did you get your contract with?"

Sebastian leaned back with a grin.

"The best junior programme in the world," he said proudly.

"Ferrari."

After all of that, I just kept my mouth closed, or else I'm getting way more insults from the annoying F1 nepo baby.

Silverstone Circuit - Great britain

We finally made it to the race track in Silverstone, where I saw all the cars we were going to drive. I got out of Sebastian's car and went straight to my team garage. Turns out I'm driving for the worst team on the grid, called Apex Racing, which is also owned by Williams. To be clear, this team is so bad that they finished the season in last place in the constructors and didn't finish any race. So I knew I was going to break a neck to get my butt to Formula 1. While I'm basically going to drive a tennis racket on wheels, my teammate Sebastian isn't going to actually be my teammate because his father paid for him to be driving in Prema Racing, the reigning constructors champions. I could still feel him drinking expensive champagne and mocking me for not being the "next big thing".

I jumped in the car knowing I could still drag a cucumber to Q3 in qualifying. As I roared through the curves of the Silverstone circuit, I felt the geoforce; I felt the adrenaline kicking up my nerves. In this

moment I had nothing to lose; I kept pushing a tractor of a car to its limits so much so that I could feel my butt cheeks burning. As I was going down the straights, I told my race engineer, "Mate, I'm going to show that twat a lesson." As I crossed the line, I finished p2 behind my fellow grid mate Fernando, who was driving for the Renault car, and I speculate that the nation of France had gotten a stroke when he got pole.

Even though I'm not on pole,I still showed some signs of talent in me, like better than lewis hamilton or ayrton senna. As i step foot out off my car i went straight to the team to thank them.I still couldn't believe how i've done something this miraculous in a car which belongs in the scraps yards of western England.But while i was in joy of getting p2 in a junk pile,i started to notice that sebastian has crashed his car and couldn't finish a lap.I thought to himself "Is this the guy who got signed to the ferrari jr programe".

Chapter ii

As I was about to check my telemetry before the race, Sebastian came to my motorhome with the grin of a 100 angry men. He walked up to me and started shoving me to the wall of the motorhome in utter anger. I told him, "mate, what's wrong with you?" and instead of yelling at me, he called his father and told him to call the team principal of Mercedes and disown my contract. I was flabbergasted at how big of a snitch this man has become.

Right as my day couldn't get any worse, I got a 3-place grid penalty putting Sebastian over me. This made my debut race horrible. I hopped in the car and told my engineer, "Mate, I'mma take you to a place you had never been to". As with that, I put on my helmet; the number 98 is glowing from the tears of all my enemies.

I lined up in 5th place in a tractor of a car ready to make glory. 3-2-1, as the lights went out, I went soaring, passing drivers on to podium position, but on lap 34, when I was defending my line, Sebastian came and hit my corner, dropping me to p10 with only 10 laps remaining. I thought my race was over, but no, God had different plans for me; I just kept pushing. When I took a free pit stop on lap 53, I took the lead. But one person was breathing down my neck, and it's that annoying little prick. But on the last lap, I passed him, taking the lead and winning the race. I won my first race in Formula 4 on debut

I felt a sense of glamour from winning, especially in a car which belongs in a scrap yard in a country that isn't registered. The commentator screamed, “THE BRITAIN HAVE WON ON HIS DEBUT IN FORMULA 3, JAMES VANDELBURG WINS THE BRITISH FORMULA 3 GRAND PRIX”.When I was walking onto the top step of the podium, I did a dap and lifted my finger to show I’m number 1. Sitting on the podium felt like heaven, getting splashed by champagne from the others and my team chanting “JAMES, JAMES, JAMES” with the sound of a million countries. It was majestic.

But many problems are arising for Sebastian because of his crash on the last lap when he tried to overtake his teammate; I might have wondered that the moment he crashed into him, his career was over.

Fernando came up to me with a grin; he told me, “Buddy, amazing

race”.I told him, “Yeah dude, I'm a really happy man”. After that, I told my race engineer to go to the bar 2 minutes from here and fetch some Heinekens, but he told me, “Buddy, you're 18; you shouldn’t be drinking”.I developed a grin as I heard that I couldn’t drink. But it's okay; I don't really care much about drinking.

As my day couldn’t get any better, Max Verstappen won the Spanish Grand Prix on debut today in Barcelona. I’ve also heard that the defending champion Lewis Hamilton and Nico Rosberg crashed into each other on the first lap; what a silly move. Poor Toto, he might have had a tantrum. It's crazy to think that in one day 2 drivers had debut races and won them.

But the trophy wasn't that glamorous because it isn't Formula 1, but who am I to judge? I've just entered the win club. I was invited to the paddock press conference, where I got to meet my idol,Niki lauda, strolling past the race. He had noticed that I've won the race. I couldn’t believe my eyes; the 3 time world champion, Niki Lauda, noticed me. It was a dream come true.

For some suspicious reason, my gridmate named Marco, whose father’s also a world champion, had tapped me on the nose for some reason. He might be watching too much Brokeback Mountain. To be honest, I’m in a relationship with a friend of my brother, but who knows? Marco and I might have some things in common.

After all the sunshine and rainbows, my team principal Josh and his wife Clair came up to me and told that Levi Cameron is showing interest in giving you the contract to enter the renault team,I wondered “the formula 3 team” but no its the the actual renault french speaking formula one team . I thought about it for a second, and I got the idea not to sign my contract because I want to build myself in the junior categories instead of joining a team which had been mostly focused on making baguettes rather than actual strategy. So I told Josh, “Boss, no, I don't want it.” He kept questioning whether I might be insane, but I explained to him that you've got to build yourself in your junior career before you enter a team run by an Italian mutated gorilla. Because of my wild decision, people started to mock me. I was called a Dork by my enemy Sebastian, but still Marco kept supporting me, which creeped me out so much because I saw him eat pineapple on pizza; what's wrong with him?

Circuit Zandvoort - Netherlands

Oh, finally a physically demanding circuit that requires actual human

balls. This circuit had always been on my nerves for a while because the 360-degree turns are the vibe. But quali was in 3 hours, and I've eaten the wrong meal, being a stroop waffle from a local vendor, and my stomach ain't that happy to say the least, maybe because the seller didn't actually wear gloves and his hands had been inside his pants for a while.

My engineer came up to me and told me: “James, you might have to take a rest for this race because you're suffering from food poisoning, and if you make a mistake, your life is on the line.” I didn't feel that, so I told him, “Shut up, mate. that insufferable buffoon Sebastian is going to take my lead and score more points than me, you know how much points matter in formula one just go watch the 2010 season then you’ll understand it” he came at me with “whoa calm down mate your gonna blow a vessel” i backed at him with “ I dont care, if i have a honey badger up my butthole, i’m still racing”.Yeah, I felt good after saying that.

So I got in the tuna can with an engine with a stomach that was begging for help but kept soaring on the track. But my stomach had other plans, and I crashed into the wall deleting my lap; I was furious; I almost kicked a marshal. To make matters worse, Sebastian got pole position over Fernando. I wanted to look at his puny face and throw an arrow with an atomic bomb taped to it at his face, disintegrating him into pieces.

But I’m not letting that down. I would do whatever it takes to win in Zandvoort. I’m going to do a Fernando Alonso Valencia 2012 on all of the other drivers. Game on nepobaby

So on race day I stepped in the car, and I felt the bravery of a million lions. I lined up 22nd, and when the race started, I kept overtaking. I had overtaken a lot of the midfielders at a round on lap 10 because those people were goldfishes who were given a car to drive. On lap 14, a red flag was given for a crash involving Manesh Jayashri; the Indians always fumble the bag; it reminds me of that Niran Karthikayan guy who was awful. At this time I'm P8, dragging a car that belongs to Jeremy Clarkson, getting squashed. But on lap 15 Marco caused a safety car to binning it into the wall, so my place went up 4 places, which got me onto P4, and I started fighting. I fought Fernando for 2 straight laps, putting my feet on podium territory.

Then lap 17 came, and I came into contact with the leading driver, Sebastian. We started fighting for P1, but the tires were gone, as Lewis Hamilton would say. So I came up to the pits and changed my tires.

Turns out that's my best decision yet, and I got up to P1, but all of that changed when Sebastian tried to divebomb me, which caused him to crash in a very dangerous way, sending his car airborne. I don't really care about him because I won the race starting last. Stepping on that podium felt better, and that splash of orange justice in a champagne bottle was better.

After the race Sebastian came up to me with a bruised back. He came up to me and shoved me into the wall in the motorhome. He told me, “You almost killed me, you idiot,” but I told him, “Yeah, tried to dive bomb but got bombed”. He felt so much anger and threw a wrench at my legs. I got rushed to the hospital, and Sebastian was given a race ban for the next round in Belgium.

The doctor told me I couldn’t race for some time. But I wasn't having it, So I told the doctor “Mate do you see how many people competing and how much that championship matters to me, eh, I won the last 2 races i couldnt gimme all you got and get me back on my feet for the next round in spa” the doctor was mad he was questioning life thinking about why is this guy want to win that much. Luckily, he did give his best, and I was in shape to do normal human things.

Chapter iii

Circuit de Spa-Francorchamps - Belgium

This is the race where I began to shine because my best performances in Euro formula were on this circuit. But I went to this weekend, not in my best form because of the incident with that stupid nepobaby. My engineer told me “mate your good for today,sebastian aint participating or this race you can take a break” so i came at him with “Yeah what if is reserve will beat my reserve no reserve beats me you bafoon, If i dont get on the podium this race fernando is going to take the lead and get into F2 or even worse get a straight contract to f1” but my engineer told “ you got the contract and you turned it down” i was fuming, i wanted to shove a reindeer up his butt so i came at him with “Why the hell should i join a team ran by the French, and had been in the midfield for a million years”.I might have felt bad for screaming at my engineer, but it's the truth.

With broken bones, I stepped into the car for quali, and I got my first-ever pole position, setting the fastest lap of 1:41.500.I got to hold the soft compound tire, knowing I got pole position in a junkpile. While I’m dominating, Sebastian's reserve Myck Rnolvo is showing some talent and got to P2. I couldn’t let that slide, so I went into the Prima motorhome with a knife and a gallon of gasoline. I came face to face with Myck, He came up to me telling “Hi, your the championship leader right”, and i told to him “yeah i am and you ain’t” after that i stab him in liver and laid his body on Sebastian's car given to him and piqued gasoline burning him alive, After the fire i cleared the place to make sure i didn't do anything.

I felt good when I burnt down the whole Prima garage, giving them property damage and emotional damage, but who cares? I had pole position.

Race day came around, and I saw no sign of the Prima racing car. As 3-2-1 went out, I kept defending my lead, fighting Fernando for the win. On lap 7, I was ahead of everyone, but to my surprise, my ego got in the way too much, and I wanted to take out the person behind me when he wanted to overtake me, just for the fun of it. Fernando was in p2 and he took the lunge on eau rouge to overtake me but when he tried to do it I came in the way and hit him into the barrier destroying his car and me getting a 5 second penalty, on lap 9 i came into the pits and served my penalty and dropped down to p4, but i

wanted blood i wanted all to crash for the fun of it so i could pass, so i done a dangerous attack causing a red flag on the last 2 lap putting me in front. But eventually my lead was lost to Marco, who overtook me on the last lap after the red flag. He was celebrating his first win on the podium, but due to the anger I got from not winning, I took his trophy and threw it at the ground, destroying it. He wanted to fight with me. But he knew his race would be banned next, so he didn't.

After all that Sebastian came back to the paddock smelling blood. But on the good side something life changing happens,Charnsten Joryner the team principal and owner of the red bull junior program came up to me asking to sign me to the red bull junior program, so i prayed for the gods that i dont fumble and i fumbled for the formula 3 red bull racing team. It's amazing to get out of the misery that was my former car and go into a car that actually goes in a straight line.

Chapter iv

I took the pen and signed the contract that changed my life forever. Charnsten looked at me and told me, “Welcome to the Red Bull family, James.” In my head, I might have heard it as “welcome to the team which sabotages their second-seat drivers. "I got to take a sneak peek of the car sitting in the garage, and it was miles better than the tennis racket I drove at Apex Racing; the turning and the understeer are amazing, and the car had an actual front wing that doesn't decay under pressure. Even the coffee in the motorhome is better tasting than whatever we had to drink at Apex Racing garage.

Circuit De Monaco - Monaco

At last we had arrived at the city where overtaking is prohibited, and qualifying is more valuable than the Queen's crown. Today, for Monaco, Sebastian got his race cancelled because he and his father got a new car to race; I wasn't caught yet. I’m looking forward to the after party where a princess is attending.

Qualifying started strong as I set the fastest laps for five laps straight. The new car is getting on my nerves, and my new engineer is better than the prick I had at Apex. The chicane is the most annoying thing on earth; I almost crashed into Manesh on it, but I survived—he didn’t. The last lap to set the best time came, but before that I explained my strategy to the team: tell my teammate Jun Yanikashi to come as fast as he can once I finished setting the fastest lap, then crash on purpose at the Nouvelle chicane to cause a red flag so their lap times would get deleted, giving me pole position illegally in Monaco. My engineer called me insane for this strategy, but I yelled at him, saying, “Yeah, you just sit there eating pizza while I’m risking my life and scoring all the points—just do it.” It went as I planned, and I got pole easily, with Carmando Luzunzi driving for AIX in P2.

I felt the power of sitting on pole at the circuit where overtaking is a myth but what matters is defending my position and winning the race.

Race day came around and i lined up first.And the race went on until on lap 5 rain came and struck my chances of winning because when i pitted on lap 6 my team had put Soft tires instead of the wet tires.They messed up the strategy and i was on p6,I was frustrated and i came up with a strategy that might give me the win or destroy my career.I told my engineer to tell Jun to go into every pit stop from AIX

to primer and block every driver and after that reverse the car on the put exist causing a big crash.Everything went as i wanted and i cruised to that win with carmando and fernando spraying me with champaign. On the podium I got the message from the team that the winner is going to dance with the princess at the after party.I was so happy when I heard that.

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The night before the party, I had put on the best suit and scented myself with Axe body spray. I stepped onto the dance floor, and people looked at me with a grin. The princess came up to me with “Hello, you look way more aggressive than i thought about you” I told her some cheesy lines which are so embarrassing but she did dance with me for a few seconds because Sebastiaan came back and showed me into the table full of champaign bottles and sebastian held her had but she faithfully told Sebastian to get out of here, after all that I was still on the floor but she came and held my hand and lifted me. The party was cancelled because of the fight, and I was set to rest in the paddock for a while.

Autodromo Nazionale Monza - Italy

Today was the day that the championship was going to be decided. It's a 3 way battle for the win against me, Fernando and Marco. I at this time lead the championship lead by snatching the win from Silverstone,Zandvoort and Monaco but Fernando got wins in Madrid,Austria,Barcelona before I had even entered the sport and my friend who is too creepy, Marco also has that win in Belgium and consistent podiums, which kept his points in a decent state. If I won or not DNF, this would have made me the Formula 3 world champion, but if Fernando finishes a position over 4th, he takes the checkered flag and the championship; Marco had to win the race to get his championship.

But my expectations changed when rain came by; the rain wasn't light. It was more than the rain we usually get in Manchester. I was informed that the race was going to start from the safety car and that qualifying got narrowed down so the drivers don't get hurt.

Qualifying started, and we had to set the times quickly or else we would get sent to the back of the grid at Monza. Rain was pouring, but I was soaring on the 2nd lap. Carmando caused a red flag, which made all cars come to the pits, but me, Fernando, and Marco weren't letting that slide. We had a battle for pole position, but one person came on top at the race, and that is Fernando, who crossed in P1, but I got penalized with a 3-place grid penalty. But I wasn't letting that slide, and I was coming for the Formula 3 title. I wonder why people watch Formula 3 more than Formula 1 now, because we give more action than Lewis Hamilton vs Nico Rosberg in Formula 1.

The Race started behind the safety car, and already I got a penalty for overtaking behind the safety car and the race lead was given to Sebastian out of nowhere. But I kept fighting for the win, not the podium. On lap 8, the safety car was crashed into by Carmando in the race, causing everyone to go back into the pits until the weather resumed, but that never happened, so the FIA made a decision not to hold a safety car or a red flag. That resulted in an amazing race. To my surprise, on lap 13 when I was trying to overtake Marco for the lead, I faked a divebomb, and to one's surprise, Enzo Marchetti, who kept calm for the whole time, not trying to do any moves on any driver on podium territory, got to P1. I was still on the podium in P2 behind Fernando, who was still hunting me down for P2 to earn his title. But suddenly, on the last lap, Enzo got overtaken by us and got to P4, and he had parked his car on the straight without noticing all the cars had crashed and only 2 cars were remaining: me and Fernando. I hunted him down on the last lap for the win, and I succeeded. After everything, after fighting that prick named Sebastian, after dragging a backmarker car to the podium, after all the mass murders I committed, I came on top to win the championship at the Italian Grand Prix. My engineer kept screaming "Grande JAMES, Grande JAMES" because he is Italian. The commentary was music to my ears. Hearing the commentator scream, "On his debut year, James Vandelburg wins the Formula 3 Italian Grand Prix, solidifying him as a Jr. World Champion- amazing stuff".I stood on the podium getting sprayed by champagne and getting hugs and kisses from my team; even my fellow grid mates came and dapped me up in honour and respect.

Chapter V

THE WINTER BREAK

14th February 2017

On this day, I came to the Red Bull Racing team garage in Milton Keynes. I had the grit of a million versions of Ayrton Senna. Charnsten was sitting on his office chair, sipping coffee that smelled like dog food. I came up to him in my suit, ready to ask him to get the contract to change my legacy. I asked Mr Joyrner, “Boss, I’m now the Formula 3 world champion. You told me to come here- why?” He responded with, “Okay mate, you are getting to the main Formula 1 team, the main Red Bull team, not Toro Rosso, because your miles are better than the drivers at Toro Rosso. You're going to become Daniel Ricciardo’s teammate. I shook his hand, and when he gave me the contract, I immediately took my pen and signed it, knowing I’m going to perform.

But I got the news that one driver named Max Verstappen is pairing with me in my debut year; he was fresh off a year where he won his first race in his debut year. I heard he was an aggressive person.

Luckily, I am not fighting the reigning World champion because he retired from the sport and went to Monaco to make YouTube videos and scooter corn. But still I was against Lewis Hamilton,Fernando Alonso,Jensen Button,Kimi Raikkoenen and Sebastian. Not the idiot I fought earlier, It was the 2010,11,12,13 world champion Sebastian Vettel. This was a dangerous season.

I finally met Mr. Max Verstappen. He came at me with a grin, asking, “Mate, you may be the new one, right?" I told him, “Yeah, I am," but he told me something. “You ever see a raccoon high on bath salts? That’s the energy I need from you every single second, or I’ll personally mail your teeth back to your mother in a juice box." I didn't understand, but I took that advice seriously, and I hope that racoon, high on both salts, gets high on crack cocaine and heroin and gets shoved up Max's butt cheek.

After that chit chat with Max, I met Lewis Hamilton, and Kimi Raikkonen in a bar having an argument about CAT forkliftS.I wanted to ignore and go away, but they noticed me. Lewis said, “Hey, kid,

you're the new guy, right? Come on, come on lemme buy you a beer." He actually bought me a beer, which was really disgusting. Sebastian and Kimi came trying to give me advice, but I didn't understand anything Seb told me. But Kimi was fun; he just came to me and told me, "Just don't spin, BWOAH".

I got called to the Red Bull team garage with Max to see the reveal for the new RB13. It looked outrageous because Renault made it, and when Renault made it, it was bad because they are French. Max had some opinions about the car, which were mixed.

The 2017 Formula one season

Albert Park Circuit - Australia

Full version

Coming soon!